



A WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER—Independent of Party Politics or Religious Sects.—Devoted to News, Literature, Morality, Agriculture, the Arts, &c

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THE MONONGALIA MIRROR

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Items of News, &c.

INDIAN TREATIES.—Governor Stevens of Oregon, has lately made treaties with several tribes of Indians, in that territory upon terms satisfactory, as well to the Indians as to the whites.

Rev. W. Summers, an old and useful minister of the M. E. Church, died in Martinsville, Ohio, on Wednesday last. He was buried by the Masonic fraternity.

We have a paper before us urging the claims of W. H. Seward of N. York for the next Presidency, calculating largely on his popularity with the free soil or Republican party of the North.

A western editor, in answer to a complaint of a patron that he did not give news enough, told him when news was scarce to read the Bible, which he had no doubt would be news to him.

Brigham Young, the Prophet thinks that St. Paul, in saying that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, meant not to interdict him from having any more, but he should have *one wife to begin with*.

He that has the happy talent of parol preaching, has sometimes done more for Christ and souls in the space of a few minutes, than by the labor of many hours and days in the usual course of preaching in the pulpit.

By the late act of Congress, the salary of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States has been raised to \$6,500 per annum, and the salaries of the associate justices to \$6,000 per annum.

Attend church regularly, listen attentively to the sermons and never fail to practice their teaching, and you secure what wealth and pomp cannot give, the respect of men and the approbation of God.

A child is born. Now take the germ and make a bud of beauty. Let the dew of knowledge and the light of virtue wake in it the richest fragrance and the purest hues, and, above all, see that you keep its face and frock clean.

Three men were smothered to death in a flouring mill, in Seymour, West Canada, a few days ago. They were at work on a lower floor, when the floor above gave way, letting down about 3,000 bushels of grain. A horrid death indeed.

Prohibited.—Austria, it is said, has forbidden the publication of the bull respecting the immaculate conception in Lombardy, and has even prohibited the priests from preaching upon it.

While boring an Artesian well at New Orleans, a bed of shells was struck at the depth of two hundred and forty feet, having the appearance of those which always line the seashore, were brought up by the auger.

ROMANCE.—Married on a cake of floating ice, in the Ohio river, opposite Rising Sun, on Thursday, January 30, by the Rev. Mr. Collard, Rev. James H. Brooking to Miss Sallie Craig, all of Boone county, Ky.

The floor of the Town Hall, in Meriden, N. H., broke through during the election last week. Three hundred men were thrown into a heap, eighteen feet below, five or six killed, and a great number severely injured.

The Mormons are very active in Wales in spreading their doctrines.—Among the colliers and miners of the hill districts of South Wales, the peculiar tenets of this sect find favor, and a large number of these have recently joined the ranks.

Yankee All Over.—The owners of the little steamer Surprise, built to run on the Androscoggin, in Maine during the Summer, have determined that she shall have no idle time. They drew her on upon the shore in a cove, and built a sawmill over the steamer, using the engines as a motive power for the mill, while the mill answers the purpose of a boat house.

Flattering Testimony.—Thos. Bending, once a well known preacher in Georgia and Florida, has joined the Mormons. Whereupon, the Atlanta Intelligencer says: "Those of us to whom the ex Roverend is a familiar name, will look for stirring times when he gets to Salt Lake, and if the Latter Day Saints don't find under his teaching that even polygamy may be run into the soil, we are badly fooled."

MUSIC.

Music is the science of harmonical and melodious sounds. It claims its origin in the skies, and for a history of it, I refer you to the Bible, in which you will learn that when the Lord "laid the foundations of the earth the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Job 38: 4, 7. So, at the nativity of our Saviour, when he appeared to the shepherds a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." From this we may readily infer that its origin is of God. Hence we infer that perfection in this science, in the true sense of the term, exists only in heaven; but that it is capable of being reduced to such perfection, even by the inhabitants of the earth, when properly used in our churches, as to redound to the glory of God, and the best interests of the performers and the hearers, in awakening and strengthening their devotional affections, when holding communion with the Father of mercies.

Even as far back as the days of David, the sweet singer in Israel, the science of music obtained a high rank.—Solomon, the son of David, not only cultivated it to a high extent, but, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, furnished materials (poetry) for devotional exercises, which are highly valued by the people of God, and have been added to the inspired volume. How great must their influence have been in promoting this heavenly science, when, at the dedication of the temple there were about four thousand singers and players on instruments, who performed together with so much accuracy that their sounds were as one sound, praising the Lord. This, we suppose, is as near perfection as we can come, and much nearer, I fear, than we shall be likely to approach.

From this we learn that the generations that have lived since the days of David and Solomon to the present time, have retrograded in the science of music. Yes, they have gone far back into the shades of ignorance and indifference. Oh! how lamentable it is that we so frequently hear so much discord and confusion of voices in our churches, when there ought to be a perfect harmony and union to celebrate the praises of God aright. And that which makes it the more lamentable is, this is the nineteenth century, a time in which we ought to be perfect in that science which is calculated to calm the troubled breast, and, when properly used, to strew our pathway with pleasure and holy delight. But do not understand me to believe that music is the same thing as piety. Far from it!—But it is a means of cultivating and strengthening piety, and of elevating and giving life to devotional exercises.

We close by summing up what we have said in favor of the cultivation of Vocal Music.

1. We should cultivate this science because it originated in heaven.
2. Because of its glorious effects in religious worship.
3. Because it is coeval with creation.
4. Because it is a high privilege.—The highest archangel in the New Jerusalem deems a glorious privilege thus to celebrate the praises of the King of King.

And if we should be so fortunate at the dissolution of soul and body as to have our spirits borne to the realms of bliss, we shall join the heavenly songsters in swelling the anthems of the Redeemer's praise; and our hymn of praise shall be, "Glory, honor and power to Him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb forever!"

J. T. C.—
Fairview, Taylor co., Va.

Plenty of Marl.

In the interior of Norfolk, England, is a bed of oyster shells, nine miles long, and above 18 feet thick. Other shells and bones (some of elephants, &c.) also abound, 100 feet above the sea level. Alder and hazel bushes are found 20 feet below the surface-level. Remains of extensive forests are traced beyond the mouth of the wash and under the land, with bones of elephants, oxen and deer. The same forests are found on the opposite coast of Flanders, and it is believed that they once joined.

The Washington Star says that 34,500 applications for bounty lands under the law of the last session have already been filed in the Pension office.

A man named Harris, 70 years of age, has been committed in Philadelphia for making bogus silver coin.

SCIENCE AND ART.

The following articles we copy from late numbers of the N. Y. Scientific American:

The Sphymograph, or Pulse Writer.

In a recent number of the Scientific American, Prof. Vierordt's machine to record the beating of the pulse is noticed. Allow me to state that there has been a machine for the same purpose, invented, made, and experimented with, in this country, which is much more accurate and ingenious than the German one. The invention of this instrument called Sphymograph, i. e. Pulse Writer, was occasioned by the wish of Dr. C. Hering, of Philadelphia, to have a machine for such a purpose. It was invented by Mr. E. F. Hilgard, U. S. Coast Survey, and made in Washington about a year ago.

It is an electro-magnetic machine, recording on the same strip of paper the time and the number of beats of the pulse; it is, in fact, a Morse's recording telegraphic instrument, with two levers, two magnets, two batteries, and a clock. The current of one battery is broken by the stroke of the pendulum of a clock, each stroke making a dot. The current of the other battery is broken by the pulse. To a spring fastened to the arm of the person whose pulse is to be recorded, a lever is attached, one end of which rests on the pulse, so that each beat of the pulse raises with the lever a projecting piece of platinum from another insulated piece of platinum; to each of these pieces of platinum one end of the wire from the battery is attached, and each beat of the pulse breaks the circuit and makes a dot. The operators of this double telegraph being, in one instance a clock, in the other the pulse, recording on the same paper, thus:

..... time.
..... pulse.

In an experiment, the pendulum made 72 strokes a minute, therefore 12 strokes are equal to 10 seconds, during the same time the pulse beats 10 times, making 60 beats per minute. The number of dots per 1-4, 1-2 or 1 minute, are transcribed to a paper, horizontally and vertically ruled, the time on the vertical and the pulse on the horizontal lines, showing at a glance the state of the pulse. During last fall the subscriber made with this instrument a series of experiments to ascertain the action of different articles of food and drugs on the system, and how they affected the pulse. Alcohol (1 oz. to 3 oz. of water) raised the pulse at first considerably above the normal number, then it lowered it for a much longer period, the line showing the rising was never a straight one, but always up and down, wave-like, and so was the falling pulse.

Dr. C. Hering had this instrument made for merely scientific investigations, and as soon as a sufficient number of experiments shall have been made, the results will be published.—The instrument may be seen at the office of its proprietors in Philadelphia.

A. ZUMBRICH, M. D.
Baltimore, March 10th, 1855.

Medical Effects of Salutaris.

A writer in the Medical Examiner, criticises the paper of Dr. Alcott, originally published in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, on the injurious effects of salutaris as used in domestic cookery, and especially in attributing the great mortality among children under five years of age in our country, to such use of it. No less than three-fifths of the deaths of children were attributed to its use, without any attempt to substantiate such a bold assertion by facts, excepting the placing of it among irritant poisons, because Orfila had done so. Common salt is also set down by Orfila as an irritant poison when excessively used. The critic in the Examiner tells Dr. Alcott that he forgot to mention that one-half of the children that die under five years of age never tasted bread nor salutaris. He asserts that "if the ill consequences resulting from careless cooking were properly estimated, it would be found that much disease might be traced to sour and badly fermented bread." Salutaris, he asserts, will produce no injurious effects from constant use in such small quantities as are required for making bread. How true these views make the old saying, "doctors do differ."

To Cure Felons.

S. Osher, of Higganum, Conn., informs us that by keeping the felon finger in hot water for a long time, it will remove the pain. The water must be kept as hot as it is possible for the person to bear. He cured one on himself by this plan, and has known of it being equally efficacious with others.

POETICAL.

For the Mirror.

MY BROTHERS.

Do ye never turn aside, dear friends,
From the noisy way ye tread,
And in some calm and quiet spot
Think sadly of your dead?

For there are not many thresholds here
Which death has never crossed—
Not many hearts that ne'er have mourned
Some precious treasure lost.

So, on this holy Sabbath day,
My thoughts are backward bent,
And cluster round the graves of those
Whose early life is spent.

There were four sweet little brothers
Who but touched those shores of ours,
And lingered for a little time
Among the vernal flowers.

Till one by one they wearied grow,
They would not, could not stay.
The life-time ebbed, and each frail bark
Was gently borne away.

And often, when the storms of life
Beat heaven on my head,
It has seemed a blessed thing that they,
The fair and pure were dead.

So, baby brothers, sweetly rest
In your untroubled sleep!
'Twere vain to wish ye back again,
'Twere vain for ye to weep.

But oh! there is one other grave,
In the mountains far away,
O'er which my heart, in bitterness,
Could weep itself away.

Free as the very mountain wind,
More peerless still than free;
And glorious in manhood's strength,
A peerless one he was.

And yet he fell! the arrow drew,
The deadly deed was done!
His warm heart sheathed the murderous shaft,
He died, he sleeps alone.

But, brother, in thy mountain grave,
A fearful, and farewell!
'Twere better not to think of thee,
Than at thy fate rebel.

THE EDITOR'S SONG.

The Editor sits at his table,
Writing, as well as he can,
Paragraph, leader and puff;
His scissors beside him are lying,
Whilst he is in agony trying
Of copy to furnish enough.

Toil—toil—toil!
What a weary life is mine!
Wasting the precious midnight oil
In leader, and column and line;
Working from morn till night,
Working from night till morn,
Oh! why was the steam press ever made,
Or why was the editor born?

Toil, toil, toil!
And whose is the gain when wet?
Whose are the trophies we achieve,
And for whom are the laurels won?
To stand in the foremost rank
Of each hard fought party fray—
To share the toil, and only to get
Abuse and neglect for pay!

Toil, toil, toil!
What a thankless task is ours;
To bake the bread and devour the cheese
That Senator Jones devours!
To sit on a three-legged stool,
Whilst others have hair stuffed seats,
To prepare the hash and cook up the stew,
But never to taste the meats!

Toil, toil, toil,
As the constant drop on a stone,
So the ceaseless, endless work,
Weary away body and bone;
Though the poet splutter and write,
Though the orator bully and brawl,
If it were not for the editor's pen,
What were the use of it all?

Toil, toil, toil,
Christians, Mormons and Jews;
Is there a man on this weary earth
But grows richer by reading the news?
Richer, richer, richer,
As they read it by sunlight and taper—
And get there isn't a soul of them all
But grudges to pay for his paper!

Toil, toil, toil!
There's a row in the very next street!
Somebody's going to murder his wife,
And I must be *tail-tail*,
Yesterday, just at this time,
Two policemen got choked in a riot;
And so it goes on from morning till night,
And an editor never knows quiet.

Boston Pilot.

Amendment of the Patent Laws.

An amendment was made by our late Congress at the request of the Commissioner of Patents, providing for four new principal examiners; four assistant examiners, and the power to employ 2 other principal, and two assistant examiners, if required. This amendment to the patent law confirms regulations heretofore adopted by the Commissioner.

BARNUM'S SPEECH ON HUMBUGS.

DELIVERED AT STAMFORD ON THE OCCASION OF THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

It seems to be a most unfortunate circumstance that I should be selected to speak on Humbug, as looking on the ladies, whose profession it peculiarly is, I find it hard to express myself in their presence. Everything is humbug; the whole state is humbug, except our Agricultural Society—that alone is not.

Humbug is usually defined "deceit or imposition." A burglar who breaks into your house, a forger who cheats you of your property, or a rascal, is not a humbug; a humbug is not an impostor; but in my opinion the true meaning of humbug is management, tact, to take an old truth and put it in an attractive form.

But no humbug is great without truth at the bottom. The woolly horse was a reality. He was really born with a woolly coat. I bought him in Cincinnati for \$500, and sent him on to Connecticut, but for a long time I doubted what I should do with him, and feared that he would die on my hands. Just at this time, in 1849, Col. Fremont and his party were reported to have been lost in the Rocky Mountains; the public were greatly excited, but shortly news came that he was safe. Now came the chance for the woolly horse.

It was duly announced that after three days chase upon the borders of the river Gila, an animal had been captured by the quartermaster of Col. Fremont's party, which partook in a singular degree of the nature of the buffalo, antelope and camel. The story was so far true, that I was myself the quartermaster who captured him, and I charged a quarter for the sight.—The picture outside the exhibition depicted the animal as jumping over a ledge of rocks; now if the animal had really leaped, as shown in the picture, he must have passed over a space of five miles. To have believed that he could have survived such a leap, would have been the grossest humbug.

But Col. Benton, who understands no humbug, but his own vested scheme, and prosecuted me for obtaining money under false pretences, as the horse was not what it professed to be; but I think wrongly, as the people who saw it were satisfied, and they got the worth of their money.

Now the scientific humbug should know the precise moment to set as I did, or the world would never have been blessed with a sight of the woolly horse.

When the woolly horse arrived from Connecticut, he was put into a stable near Lovejoy's Hotel. One of the boarders who came to see him recognized him as an animal he had seen at Bridgeport. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "I have seen that animal before; it is a most extraordinary humbug." He took up a friend from the same hotel, and after he had seen the animal, let him into the secret, and in succession thirty-seven persons were carried up, all of whom took the humbugging in perfect good humor except the last man.

I have not the vanity to call myself a real scientific humbug, I am only a humble member of the profession. My ambition to be the Prince of Humbugs I will resign, but I hope the public will take the will for the deed; I can assure them that if I had been able to give them all the humbugs I have thought of, they would have been amply satisfied.

Before I went to England with Tom Thumb, I had a skeleton prepared from various bones. It was to have been made 18 feet high; it was to have been buried a year or so in Ohio, and then dug up by accident, so that the public might learn that there were giants of old. The price I was to pay the person who proposed to put the skeleton together was to have been \$225.

But finding Tom Thumb more successful than I thought, I sent word not to proceed with the skeleton. My manager, who never thought as highly of the scheme as I deserved, sold the skeleton for \$50 or \$75.

Seven years afterward I received from the South an account of a gigantic skeleton that had been found. Accompanying it were the certificates of scientific and medical men as to the genuineness of it. The owner asked \$20,000 or \$1000 a month; I wrote to him if he brought it on I would take it if I found it as represented, or would pay his expenses if not; I found it was my own old original humbug, came back to me again. Of course I refused it; and I never heard of it afterward.

Sevastopol is not yet taken.

GUTZLAFF'S CHINESE BIBLE.

We learn from the Chinese Missionary Gleaner that the leader of the rebellion is printing Gutzlaff's version of the Old Testament Scriptures. He has four hundred men employed upon the work. Each volume is bound in imperial yellow, and the title-page is adorned with the imperial arms. He makes his soldiers colporteurs, and his officers expounders. Should the insurgent chief ascend the throne, this will probably become the national version, and the words of it will be as familiar as household words to the people. As to the value of this version, an educated Chinese into whose hands it was put characterized it as "both the very best version, and the very worst." It conveys the very idea of the original, but it is not a classical version. It is the most faithful one; but in adhering to fidelity, it has departed from style. I think I would put Dr. Gutzlaff's version into the hand of an educated Chinaman, in order to give him the clearest view of the original Scriptures.—Prof. Newman, of Munich, a celebrated Chinese scholar, expressed in 1849 the opinion that Gutzlaff's version had "made a great step in advance towards perfection." The bishop of Victoria, in April, 1854, comparing the Old Testament version of the London Missionary Society with Gutzlaff's, says that the former is adapted to educated scholars, the latter to the more plain and less educated reader. Gutzlaff's version, it is said, adheres strictly to the original text. It avoids all words and expressions conveying ideas not consistent with the originals. It also retains the parallelisms which so often occur, and which the Chinese admire as an elegant characteristic of a lofty style. With the aid of the various old versions, the Delegates' version, and the version of Gutzlaff, as important contributions, we may hope our own version, wrought out with faithful diligence by Mr. Goddard, will have merits entitling it to a place above all others; and that among the dignitaries of the country it will secure a fame equal to that of Dr. Jones' New Testament among the nobles of Siam.

Let Me Pray First.

A very intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town, a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves in a very dangerous practice of throwing stones.—Not observing the boys, one of them, by accident, threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The surgeon was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, and lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready?

"No, father; not yet," she replied, "What do you wish to wait for my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes and afterwards submitted to the operation with a patience worthy of a woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under those trying circumstances!—Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour; and he will love every child that calls upon his name. Let every boy and girl learn to pray; and let idle boys be careful how they throw stones.

The editors of the Lancaster Literary Gazette having said she would as soon nestle her nose in a rat's nest of awigle tow, as allow a man with whiskers on to kiss her, some outrageous old bachelor editor, who ought to be condemned to live single forever, if not a little longer, retorts thus:

"We don't believe a word of it! The objection which some ladies pretend to have to whiskers all arises from envy. They don't have any. They would if they could, but the fact is, the continual motion of the lower jaw is fatal to their growth."

"The ladies, God bless them, adopt our fashion as far as they can. Look at the depredations the dear creatures have committed on our wardrobe during late years. They have appropriated our shirt bosoms, gold studs and all. They have encircled their soft bewitching necks in our standing collars and cravats, driving us men to flatness and turn-downs. Their innocent little hearts have been palpitating in the inside of our waistcoats, instead of thumping against the outside as naturally intended. "They have thrust their pretty feet and ankles through our unmentionables, unwhisperables, unthinkables—in short as Micawber would say, breeches. And they are skipping along the streets in our high-heeled boots. Do you hear gentlemen? We say boots."

Keep your eye on the coin.

Singing Conducive to Health.

It was the opinion of Dr. Rush that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from many kinds of healthy exercise, should be cultivated not only as an accomplishment, but as a means of preserving health. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady; and states, that besides its salutary operation in soothing the cares of a domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect. "I here introduce a fact," says Dr. Rush, "which has been subject to me by my profession; that is, the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, nor have I ever known more than one case of spitting blood amongst them. This, I believe, is an art, occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential branch of their education." "The music master of an academy," says Mr. Gardner, "has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informs me that he has known several instances of persons strongly disposed to consumption, restored to health by exercising their lungs in singing."

Effectual Method for Destroying Rats.

A correspondent of the Genesee Farmer gives the following method for destroying rats. He says:

"One day a stranger came to the house to buy some barley, and hearing my father mention the difficulty he had in freeing the house of these disagreeable tenants, he said he could put him in the way of getting rid of them with very little trouble. His directions were simply these: mix a quantity of arsenic with any sort of grease, and plaster it pretty thick around their holes. The rats he said, if they do not eat the poison would soil their coats in passing through the holes in passing and as like, all furred animals, they are very cleanly, and cannot endure any dirt upon their coats, to remove the offensive matter they would lick their fur, and thus destroy themselves. This plan was immediately put in practice, and in a month's time not a rat was to be seen about the house or barn."

Management of Manure Heaps.

One of our foreign exchanges has a communication from Mr. Robert Austin, Manchester, who says that upwards of a ton of horse dung is produced in his stables daily, and the usual offensive odor and evaporation from it entirely prevented by sprinkling over the dung heap by means of an ordinary watering can, a solution of a pound of common green copperas in a gallon of water. The value of this chemical in fixing ammonia and strengthening manure, has long been known, but Mr. Austin's practical application may be considered simple effective and easily adopted in similar cases.

A case came up for trial a few days since in New York, wherein one party sued another for the value of 40 bags of peas. The plaintiff was a coffee roaster, and had contracted with the defendant for 250 bags of peas, which, it appeared, were to be ground up with the coffee.—Some curious developments came out in the course of the trial, showing the extent to which peas, chicory and other substances are used for the article which is sold as pure ground coffee.

The Zouaves.—Who and what are the Zouaves?

The Zouaves are natives of the French provinces of Algiers, disciplined and exercised by French officers, and now forming part of the French contingent employed in the Crimea and the siege of Sebastopol. They hold exactly the same relation to the French army that the Sepoys in India have to the regular British troops.—Notes and Queries.

An important case suit under the present liquor law was decided in Terre Haute on Tuesday.

It seems that a liquor seller had sold a man brandy, from the effect of which he fell into the canal causing congestion, from which he died. The jury awarded the plaintiff, (widow of the deceased) damages to the amount of five hundred dollars. A righteous verdict.

Rich and Poor.—The rich have the most meat; the poor the best appetites.

The rich lie the softest; the poor sleep the soundest. The rich have delicacies; the poor have health. The rich are afraid of losing; the poor have nothing to lose, and so in this respect they have nothing to fear. The rich dread the midnight robbers; the poor have no apprehensions of being robbed.

The Pope has sent to all the governments of Europe a volume containing an account of all that has taken place between himself and the Sardinian government on the religious affairs of Piedmont.